

Battle Cross: REMIX

by EquinoxKnight01

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Summary: Fans of 'Battle Cross! This is a REMIX of the original! Hector will be based off of Hiccup from the movie-verse. But that's not all... Hector isn't the only Night Fury in this story. Most characters will be the same, but Ash and Ronnie, specifically, will be unique in this story. More character development will be featured in this upcoming spin-off. BATTLE CROSS: REMIX!

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*(A/N) I've been apologizing for days now. The whole Battle Cross series should've been updated last month, or sooner, but it somehow slipped my mind. Anyway, enjoy the first update of many Battle Cross stories! \*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD... I forgot what else I was supposed to say!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Oh my God, he's so cute!" Mikaela cooed and awed at her new little brother in the backseat. Her smile grew wider when he stared at her and then smiled. "Gah, why didn't you make a baby sooner, he's adorable!"<p>

"By no stretch of imagination is child birth easyâ€|" Valarie tiredly stated before attempting to get herself comfortable in the car seat.

Solomon chuckled from the front seat of the SUV in the driver's seat, reaching over to clasp hands with his exhausted wife.

Valarie just been released and the whole family was heading home. The birth of their new son had some conflictions; the baby having to stay in an incubator for two nights. And the fact that the baby was smaller than average. A doctor tried to lightly joke about the new arrival being the runt of the litter, but his intentions were met

with an irate Valarie. Despite the ill-advised joking atmosphere of the medical staff, the newborn made it through.

Mikaela ignored her mother's bitterness and continued rambling on. "What're you going to name him? I was thinking so brave, but fearless. Strong, yet kind. Ooh! But it has to be something that's immune to teasing. Not to say that I won't beat the snot out of anybody who my little bro's feelings, but you knowâ€|"

"Mikaelaâ€|" Solomon noted Valarie's twitching eyebrow. His wife was trying to take a nap. Their house was still half an hour away.

The eight year-old kept at it. "I think I like the name Brian. It's a strong name. No, that's too normal. Something powerful. Wait, I got it! Xerxes! No average third-grader could possibly think of a way to make fun of that. And it gives him that look that says 'I'm mysterious, but I also want to talk about my feelings', you know?"

"Sweetie, in Greek mythology, Xerxes is the god of warâ€| There's nothing mysterious or sensitive about a man that enjoys killing."

"Dad, it's elementary. You're giving these kids too much credit. And it's a cool name!-"

"Mikaela! Love the enthusiasm, but I need to take a well-deserved nap. And please let your poor little brother have some peace after what he's been through. We'll discuss the name-calling, which is usually decided by the parents, after dinner. Or a weekâ€|" Valarie reasoned with her daughter. Adding the last part with a yawn.

Mikaela blinked before turning to face the baby. Said baby was already fast asleep despite his older sister talking a mile a minute. Slumping her shoulders, Mikaela made the motion to close her mouth and throw away the key to her father using the rearview mirror. After receiving a thankful nod from Solomon, she not-so secretly leaned over to rest her hand on the baby's stomach and gathered hands.

"Don't worry about the parents giving you a lame name, I'll fight for you." Mikaela whispered before leaning back and positioning her seatbelt correctly. She was about to pass the time by looking at the passing highway out the window, but then she felt pressure on one of her fingers. She peered over and saw little 'Xerxes' clutching on, keeping her to that promise.

\* \* \*

><p>"Yeah, baby!"<p>

"Watch this!"

"No way, I got higher than you!"

Hector 'Xerxes' Haddock drove into the garage, his best friends, Alvin Maverick and Cameron Bateman following behind. Shouts of excitement echoed in the halls as they trio came into the locker room.

After they all calmed down, Hector brought up the news. "Alright, calm down. You guys know about the race my dad is holding, right?"

"Is that the one with the new competition for teams?! Aw man, I've been waiting for that ever since that Night Fury teaser. Guess what you get for qualifying the fastest lap?!"

"The top two qualifying teams get to choose either Night Fury or Red Death as their team captain!" Hector stated knowingly, to which Alvin and Cameron rolled their eyes.

"Yeah, but first place gets to choose a captain AND receive a 420 from HRT!"

"I got my slip signed this morning. How about you guys?!" Hector wanted to continue with the excitement, but once he mentioned the paperwork, his teammates became sober and frowned.

"What? We have to sign a contract?"

Hector stared at them. "In order to register, you need to get a signature from your parents if you're under 17." Hector stated as if he memorized the contract his dad drew up. "It's a waiver for permission so HRT doesn't get held liableâ€¦ It's standard." Hector finished when his friends sent him weary stares.

Alvin breathed a sigh of relief when Hector fully explained. "Oh, that. I thought there was another boatload of paperwork. I barely got my slips signed." Alvin mentioned.

"Why's that?"

"What followed was the worst five minutes of my life- Even worse than 'the 4 hours of miracle of childbirth', as my dad said." Alvin spaced out for a few moments. It was as if he was remembering back to the time he was born, however impossible that was.

Cameron shared a look with Hector before shoving Alvin out of his stupor. "Anyway! Mom said that I could qualify if your dad said it was okay, Hector."

"Why does it have to be my dad?"

"Gee, I don't know, isn't your dad the one holding the event?" Cameron scoffed at the thought of being surrounded by idiots. "I'm starting to regret the decision to partner up with you guysâ€¦"

Alvin snorted. "What decision? We're the only starting team of rookies that would put up with your attitude!" Alvin jumped to the side to avoid getting hit by Cameron's temper. "Even those two chicks didn't want you on their all-girl team!" Alvin broke out in a run in the locker room, ducking and laughing as Cameron chased after him.

"Guys, come on. We're supposed to be a team-" Hector tried to diffuse the situation, but got hit upside the head for his troubles by Cameron, swinging her helmet like a banshee.

\* \* \*

><p>After that day's preliminary race ended, and the other teams left for their respective locker rooms, Team Elite went into their sixth heat lap since the officials left the racetrack. Ash, team captain, was beside herself regarding her team's track record. There was a problem that needed to be fixed. "We need to shave off those last three seconds!"<p>

"We've been at this since morning, Ash. We'd need boost if you want to beat our heat record from last month. You know, which is illegal in Battle Cross." Ronnie groaned, completely done with entertaining Ash with another heat lap.

"Actually, Team HRT has shown on at least three occasions that they've been using nitrous in their races, including preliminaries." Heather piped in.

"Those spoiled brats are the heirs to three of the most powerful figures in Berk. I don't acknowledge them as my competition. It's those other cocky bastards I'm worried about-"

"It's really a shame, you know. An all-female team titling themselves Team Elite but can't even begin to catch up with the real deal such as ourselves." A stock built racer with anodized red armor sauntered onto the finish line where Team Elite was currently going over strategies. The racer was accompanied by his fellow teammates. The man had twin crimson Bolas strapped to the back-plate of his armor while a pair of hose nozzles rested on each of his wrists. Mounted on his bike, he could use the nozzles to spew fire and/or \_fire pockets\_, a combustible beanbag that would explode on impact. Just about every fan in Battle Cross knows him as Nightmare aka Stewart Johnson.

"Pathetic. It's glaringly obvious that a 420 tune-up is required every month. Especially if you want to clear a measly three seconds off a record." A mountain of a man in silver-gray armor towered over the collected group with two impressive gauntlets. On his right arm lay a small cannon which shot a variety of either fortified snowballs, a stream of ice slush, and/or armor-piercing ice shards. On his left gauntlet was a hook-like chunk of dry ice that he could use as an offensive weapon for his renowned close and long-ranged tanking style. Bewilderbeast aka Erik Sonderson.

"Not to mention the smallest team in this year's roster. And still with underwhelming speed and combat ratings." Gronckle aka Theodore 'Teddy' Thorston. Team Mercenaries's weapons specialist. Although it's against the rules to use live ammo in Battle Cross- also illegal anywhere else- Teddy improvises by using an assortment of beanbags with surprises in every one of them. He's developed the ammo for his team including the offensive hand weapons, but he keeps all his favorite toys for himself.

It was infuriating to Ash that the heavyweight team of Battle Cross was wiping the floors with her own light-class team. It shouldn't be possible for Team Mercenaries's 420s to hold their weight and perform faster than Team Elite's.

"I'm too tired to engage with you, Stewart. What do you want?"

"You know what I want, Ash." Stewart took off his helmet and shook his helmet hair. "Get back on my team, babe, I kept your spot warm for you." Stewart got right into Ash's personal space and puffed out his chest. Stewart knew it irked Ash when he did that. Earlier, he was referring to when Ash was his tag-team partner from last year when Battle Cross didn't feature up to four racers on a team.

"No." Ash locked eyes with her former teammate. Admittedly, the offer was tempting, especially with the lack-luster progress she was making with her freshly-formed team. No doubt about it, Stewart and she made a great team back in the day. But then Stewart started getting greedy and cocky as they both gained fame. Cutting ties with him was a difficult choice at the time and Ash has struggled to get back to the top for this year's championship race. At the beginning of the season, Stewart used his popularity to earn himself a sponsor and decent teammates that were worth their salt. Teddy was Stewart's friend so they joined up but both Ash and Stewart fought for Erik. The unorthodox tank made news for himself as a solo racer and Ash needed him to stay in the roster for Battle Cross. But in the end, Stewart got to him and Ash unintentionally became captain of an all-female team.

Stewart shook his head. He wasn't surprised or disappointed. He made the offer after every race the two participated in over the last few weeks. "Your loss." Stewart left for the locker rooms.

"No, thank you!" Heather was on her 420, unable to move due to Eric wrestling her handlebars.

"What do you mean no? You too good for me or something?" Eric leaned in and got into Heather's face.

The newest member of Team Elite was holding herself together but then everyone's attention turned to their conversation and Heather looked ready to break. Ronnie came in right before that could happen.

"Why don't you work your charm on someone more strong-willed, big guy? Unless you don't have what it takes to get in bed with someone like me!"

"I'd break you in half, little girl!" Releasing Heather's 420, Eric craned his head to look down at Ronnie, leering over her body.

Ronnie didn't back down. "No, I'd imagine you couldn't keep up with me. How much you got in ya? A few quick shots?"

Eric set his jaw as his hands tightened in fists to what looked like retaliation for Ronnie's comment.

"Knock it off-" Ash moved to break it up before things got out of hand. But she was interrupted.

"Eric, let's go. We gotta collect our prize money from our manager!" Stewart nodded at Ash before waving good bye.

"Captain's calling." Ronnie shoved the tank away from her. Leveling the glare Eric sent her way, she stood her ground in front of Heather until Eric turned his back on them after sending the two a trail of

curses.

"What made you think challenging a tank was a good idea, Ronnie?"

"Just protecting one of our own." Ronnie answered, pointing her thumb at Heather before getting back onto her Zippleback-420.

Heather put her helmet back on quickly. Starting her 420, Heather fumbled over her start-up controls. "You didn't have to do that." Heather appreciated the help, but Ronnie just got herself an enemy like Eric Sonderson because of her. That is not what Heather wanted when she joined Team Elite. To the teenager, Team Elite meant being level-headed and having a cool attitude both on and off the track. Now, it felt like Heather failed the test and would be labeled the hopeless member of the group.

Ronnie was silent for a few moments before she finally spoke through the communication link in everyone's helmet. "No, but I did..."

"Don't take the title 'Elite' so seriously. We're dead last in Battle Cross and we have a low chance of continuing in this careerâ€¦"

"Ronnie!" Their standing in Battle Cross was the last thing Ash wanted to hear right now.

"But if we want to get better, become Elite, we're going to have to trust and look out for each other. That's what friends do." Ronnie took off her helmet and gave them both a bright smile. "Friends also pay for lunch, because I'm broke."

Ash relented on going another lap and took off her helmet. "Way to ruin the momentâ€¦" Sighing, Ash stared at her teammates with a serious expression. "1-2-3, not it!"

"Not it!"

Heather was taking off her helmet when Ronnie shouted. "What?"

"Looks like Heather got stuck paying for lunch!" Ronnie laughed at Heather's clueless face.

Heather was out of it. Her image of the super-serious captain and intimidating co-captain was shattered as her two teammates continued to laugh at her misfortune. She was abruptly taken out of it when Ash grasped her head and gave it a slight rattle.

"You okay?" Ash offered her a small smile.

"Y-yeah." Heather didn't sound convinced the first time so she shook her head and spoke with a deeper tone. Immediately regretting stammering over herself, she grew silent as Ash studied her slight blushing face.

"Then come on. After we take showers we'll go out."

\* \* \*

><p>It was finally here. The race that every racer in Berk was preparing for and holds the prize of acquiring either two iconic racers as captain for their team. HRT's Grand Championship race (Part I), the secondary race which would be held next month had an even bigger prize including money and the opportunity to sign with HRT. Spanning from all corners of Berk, teams have gathered into the backyard of HRT Towers to prove themselves to hopeful sponsors and fundraisers for the community. Crowd favorite, Team Mercenaries, have scored the highest consecutive winlose ratio of the season and they're only getting better by the day. And with their newest member, the infamous tank Bewilderbeast, Team Mercenaries is a formidable team to watch out for. Fans could only imagine their potential with either iconic Battle Cross champions captaining their team.

Next, greenhorn racers that have shown that they have what it takes to ride with Team Mercenaries on the same stage, Team HRT. These young bikers came debuted in the middle of the season and have quickly gained famed. Although not officially sponsored by HRT, this trio of new-starts is well on their way if they manage to snag first or second place in today's race. Night Fury and Red Death would certainly make sure of that!

Thirdly, we have a group of veteran motor cross racers that have been a thorn in Mercenaries side since Battle Cross began, Team Alphas! Hell, these dinosaurs were racing with the best of them like Night Fury, Titan-Wing, and Apex Trion! Captain Grayson and his team of seasoned bikers have kept their spot due to their vast experience and equipment. Grayson, racer alias (Wilting Old-Timer) captains the team with strategic plays and signature ash-turned-fire fog. His team's brawler, Finn Ryder (racer alias Hellish Spite) expertly wields her flail three-ball and shield with ferocity and malice. Team Alpha's scout, Liam (racer alias Atmos Skipper) manipulates the racetrack with his famous Cloud Bursts!

"Lastly, we have Team Elite." The announcer barely mentioned before he disconnected himself from the podium and took his bathroom break.

Ash was ready to stalk the man to restroom and beat him six ways to Sunday for his lackluster announcement regarding her team. Heather seemed to mediate her captain while Ronnie was elsewhere. As it turned out, Ronnie was at the concession stand bargaining with the shy teenager manning the counter. Ronnie was asking for a 90% discount on the grounds of "Because I'm awesome". Frankie didn't know how to respond to such a ridiculous request.

"You want me to rough up the announcer for you?"

Ash turned around to face the voice, only to find out that it was the captain of Team Mercenaries. "Shouldn't you be preparing for the race, Stewart?" Ash unintentionally moved to stand protectively in front of Heather when the rest of Stewart's team strolled up. Keeping a steady glare at Eric, Ash barely saw Stewart signaling Eric to back off.

"Relax, Ash, I'm not here to cause trouble." Stewart gave Ash a sincere smile with his hands up in neutrality. "Just stopped by to say good luck to the competition and I hope to see you standing beside my team in second."

Eric snorted at that, earning glares from every member of Elite. Ash stared at Stewart with a raised brow.

"Well, he's not wrong to be skeptical, Ash." Stewart chuckled. "Your team's track record doesn't exactly scream confidence- Ugh!" Stewart's head violently swung to the side following Ash's right hook. Stewart staggered back into Teddy.

"I'm not going to just stand here as everyone in this damned town cracks jokes about my team!" Ash tilted her head to the side, narrowly evading Eric's retaliating punch, and expertly grabbed his wrist resulting in the tank getting flipped and slammed to the ground.

"What's going on here?!" Officials shouted from a distance as they closed in on the group.

"Let 'em go!" Stewart barked. "It's been awhile but Ash is awake now."

Teddy and Eric shared a look of confusion. What was Stewart talking about?

Stewart wasn't just harassing Ash for the past season, he was trying to help her get over herself. Today would be the most important race of both of their careers and Stewart wanted Ash to be on her A-game so they could race again. It wouldn't be fun otherwise. But now, Stewart just saw the old Ash he knew, pissed off and ready to shut down anyone who got in her way. Today was going to awesome!

Stewart stood up and brushed himself off. "Let's go. We have a race to dominate."

Meanwhile, in the garage of the racetrack, Team HRT just got through gearing up and going down the list of diagnostics. "How are we on boosts, Alvin?" Hector checked off the safety procedures from within his helmet.

"Refueled the tanks with fresh nitrous!"

"Cameron, the weapons and gadgets charged?"

"Yep, sorted the duds from the fully functional!"

"Alright, bring it in. We have to go over the game plan one more time."

**\*\*END.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>(AN)\*\* Alright, now I know there are some questions pertaining Team Omega, Team Alpha, Night Fury, and so on. While I know that there are more questions you might have, let me briefly explain each team now.

Team Omega consists of Night Fury, Titan-Wing, and Apex Trion. We all know about Night Fury, but who is Apex Trion and Titan-Wing? Originally, Team Omega and Alpha were going to be the legendary crews



that first raced in Battle Cross and would've been rivals of the past. But I thought having them in the current story would be more exciting.

Team Alpha has the oldest members currently racing in Battle Cross. You may notice that I've used Drake's infiltration team and gave them OC racer aliases. Captain Grayson, Mikaela, and Liam are from Battle Cross and Endgame. As the title suggests, REMIX is a mixture of characters from the first story stripped apart and given roles opposite of the first story. Anyway, each racer alias is obviously referring to HTTYD's dragons. But I've created several OC \_dragons\_ that I've made for separate projects of my own. As following; Wilting Old-Timer, Atmos Skipper, Titan-Wing, Apex Trion, and Hellish Spite. Three of these OCs are being used in another story by Thedemonfury's "On the Edge of Destruction".

Night Fury is not Hector Haddock. Hector is not the first Night Fury in REMIX. The identity of Night Fury will be revealed later. Although, I think I already told everyone who it was in the previous chapters. Alvin is still Red Death and Cameron is still Timberjack. Everyone has the same racer alias except for Hector.

Please feel free to state your questions and concerns in the review section. I will without a doubt answer every single one with either a PM or within the next chapter of the story.

Also, the direction this story will be taking is different from its older brother. REMIX will just be about racing until someone wins. Rarely will anyone be leaving Berk.

## 2. ERROR-RIDDEN 404

**\*\*ERROR 404 ( /s/9098108/2/Battle-Cross-REMIX)\*\***

**\*\*Sorry, something went wrong.\*\***

**\*\*A team of highly-trained pandas, led by the heavily decorated General Rodriguez, have been dispatched to deal with this situation.\*\***

**\*\*If you see them, show them this information:\*\***

**\*\*IFYOUFINDDSTORSPEAKER,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!\_IFYOUSEENIGHTSRAGE,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!IFYOUPOTINFINITUMACE,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!IFYOUSEARCHFORTHEDEMONFURY,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!SUPERPANDASARELEDBYTHELEGENDARYGENERALRODRIGUEZ\_HEAVILYDECORATEDPANDAEXTRAORDINAIRE!SECONDONLYTOEQUINOXKNIGHT01NONONONOTHISISNOTJUSTSOMERANDOMGOINGONABOUTS-WHYAREYOUSTILLREADINGTHIS?!YOUKNOWWHAT?YOUNEEDANOTHERVERSEOFTHE SUPERPANDANANTHEM!\*\***

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**\_\*\*IFYOUFINDDSTORSPEAKER,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!\_IFYOUSEENIGHTSRAGE,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!IFYOUPOTINFINITUMACE,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!IFYOUSEARCHFORTHEDEMONFURY,WHOYOUGONNACALL?!\_SUPERPANDAS!SUPERPANDASARELEDBYTHELEGENDARYGENERALRODRIGUEZ\_HEAVILYDECORATEDPANDAEXTRAORDINAIRE!SECONDONLYTOEQUINOXKNIGHT01NONONONOTHISISNOTJUSTSOME**

RANDOMGOINGONABOUTS\_IFYOUARESTILLREADINGTHIS\_SENDSTORSPEAKERAMESSAGEST  
ATINGTHENAMEOFTHELEGENDARYGENERALOFTHESUPERPANDAS!THANKYOUANDGOODNIGHT  
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